

LIVES
OF
SAINT MALACHY,
ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN.

WITH A BRIEF NOTICE OF SOME
Irish Shrines and Reliquaries.



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LIFE OF ST. MALACHY,

Confessor,

ARCHBISHOP OF ARDMAGH OR ARMAGH.

IN the fifth century Ireland was converted from heathenism to Christianity. Through the three succeeding ages it became the principal seat of learning in Christendom. So happy a distinction was owing to the labours and apostolic lives of the native ecclesiastics, who were never known to abuse the great immunities and secular endowments conferred on them by the Irish princes. This change from idolatry to the gospel was brought about in a period when the Roman empire in the West was torn to pieces, and when inundations of pagan nations seized on the greater part of Europe. In that state, providence, ever watchful over the Church, erected an asylum in this remote island for its repose and extension. For three hundred years the Christian youth of the continent flocked hither to be instructed in the science of the saints, and in the literature which leads to it. In the ninth century Ireland began to feel the grievances which followed the invasion of the sanctuary in other countries. It was infested in its turn by heathen barbarians, who under the general name of Normans, ravaged at the same time the maritime districts of France, England, and Scotland, and finally, made establishments in all. Nothing sacred had escaped their depredations; wherever their

power prevailed they massacred the ecclesiastics, demolished the monasteries, and committed their libraries to the flames. In these confusions the civil power was weakened; and kings contending with a foreign enemy, and with vassals often equally dangerous, lost much of their authority. The national assemblies, the guardians and framers of law, were seldom convened; and when convened they wanted the power, perhaps the wisdom, to restore the old constitution, or establish a better on its ruins. Through a long and unavoidable intercourse between the natives and the oppressors of religion and law, a great relaxation of piety and morals gradually took place. Vice and ignorance succeeded to the Christian virtues and to knowledge. Factions among the governors of provinces ended in a dissolution of the Irish monarchy on the demise of Malachy II. in 1022; and, through the accumulation of so many evils, the nation was, in a great degree, sunk in barbarism.

It was in this state of the nation that the glorious saint, whose life we are writing, was born. Malachy,*

* Maol-Maadhog was the name given to St. Malachy at the font of Baptism. It is a compound which merits explanation, as it relates to a pious custom among the ancient Irish.—Maol, in the ecclesiastical acceptation of that adjective, signifies tonsured; and prefixed to Maadhog, it denotes one tonsured, *i.e.*, devoted to the patronage of St. Maadhog, who was the first bishop of Ferns, and is honoured on the 31st of January. Of this prefix of Maol, denoting the dedication of infants to patron saints, there are numberless examples in the Irish annals; as Maol-Muire; Maol-Eoin; Maol-Colum; Maol-Brighid; *i.e.*, the tonsured to the Blessed Mary, to John the Baptist, to Columbkille, to Brigit, &c. The piety of parents converted these compounds to baptismal names. Instead of Maol, others among the ancient Irish prefixed the word Gilla or Gilda (in baptismal names), to the saints they chose

called in Irish Maol-Maodhog O Morgair,* was a native of Armagh; his parents were persons of the first rank, and very virtuous, especially his mother, who was most solicitous to train him up in the fear of God. When he was of age to go to school, not content to procure him pious tutors whilst he studied grammar at Armagh, she never ceased at home to instil into his tender mind the most perfect sentiments and maxims of piety; which were deeply imprinted in his heart by that interior master in whose school he was from his infancy a great proficient. He was meek, humble, obedient, modest, obliging to all, and very diligent in his studies; he was temperate in diet, vanquished sleep, and had no inclination to childish sports and diversions, so that he far outstripped his fellow-students in learning, and his very masters in virtue. In his studies, devotions, and little practices of penance he was very cautious and circumspect to shun as much as possible the eyes of others, and all danger of vain-glory, the most baneful poison of virtues. For this reason he spent not so much time in churches as he desired to do, but prayed much in retired places, and at all times frequently lifted up his pure hands and heart to heaven in such a manner as not to be taken notice of. When his master took a walk to a neighbouring village without any other company but his beloved scholar, the pious youth often remained a little behind to send up with more liberty, as it were by stealth, short inflamed

as patrons to infants. Gilla, signifies servant, and hence the name of Gilla-De, the servant of God; Gilla-Croist, the servant of Christ; Gilla-Padraig, the servant of Patrick; Gilla-na-Naomb, the servant of the saints, &c.

* Sir James Ware, *Antiq. Hibern.* c. 26, p. 206, 210, &c. *Item de Script. Hibern.* p. 54, and Tanner, p. 502.

ejaculations from the bow of his heart, which was always bent, says St. Bernard:

To learn more perfectly the art of dying to himself, and living wholly to God and his love, Malachy put himself under the discipline of a holy recluse named Imar or Imarius, who led a most austere life in continual prayer, in a cell near the great church of Armagh. This step in one of his age and quality astonished the whole city, and many severely censured and laughed at him for it; many ascribed this undertaking to melancholy, fickleness, or the rash heat of youth; and his friends grieved and reproached him, not being able to bear the thought that one of so delicate a constitution and so fine accomplishments and dispositions for the world, should embrace a state of such rigour, and, in their eyes, so mean and contemptible. The saint valued not their censures, and learned by despising them with humility and meekness to vanquish both the world and himself. To attain to the true love of God he condemned himself whilst alive, as it were, to the grave, says St. Bernard, and submitted himself to the rule of man; not being like those who undertake to teach what they have never learned, and by seeking to gather and multiply scholars without having ever been at school, become blind guides of the blind. The simplicity of the disciple's obedience, his love of silence, and his fervour in mortification and prayer, were both the means and the marks of his spiritual progress, which infinitely endeared him to his master, and edified even those who at first had condemned his choice. Their railleries were soon converted into praises, and their contempt into admiration: and many, moved by the example of his virtue, desired to be his imitators and companions in that manner of life. Malachy prevailed upon Imar to admit the most fervent among

these petitioners, and they soon formed a considerable community. Malachy was by his eminent virtues a model to all the rest, though he always looked upon himself as the last and most unworthy of that religious society. A disciple so meek, so humble, so obedient, so mortified, and devout, could not fail, by the assiduous exercises of penance and prayer, to advance apace to the summit of evangelical perfection. Imar, his superior, and Celsus or Ceallach, Archbishop of Armagh,* judged him worthy of Holy Orders, and this prelate obliged him, notwithstanding all the resistance he could make, to receive at his hands the order of deacon, and some time after, the priesthood, when he was twenty-five years old, though the age which the canons then required for priestly orders was thirty years, as St. Bernard testifies; but his extraordinary merit was just reason for dispensing with that rule. At the same time, the Archbishop made him his vicar, to preach the word of God to the rude people, and to extirpate evil customs, which were many, grievous, and inveterate, and most horribly

* His life is on the 6th of April. Hanmer (chron. 101), is certainly mistaken when he says that Celsus was a married man, and was buried with his wife at Armagh. Out of the fifteen intruders into the see of Armagh from the year 885, eight were married men; but they only usurped the temporalities, and had a suffragan or vicar who was a consecrated bishop, and who performed all the functions, as Colgan and Ware observe; whence these vicars are named in some catalogues instead of the intruders. Maol-brighid, who was the first archbishop of the fifteen of this family, and the thirteenth in descent from Nial the Great, was a charitable and worthy prelate; but the thirteen following were oppressors of the see. Celsus, the last prelate of the family, was duly elected, and put an end to this tyranny by recommending the canonical election of Malachy. St. Celsus usually styled in the Irish annals Comarba of St. Patrick, *i.e.*, his successor.

disfigured the face of that Church. Wonderful was the zeal with which St. Malachy discharged this commission; abuses and vices were quite defeated and dispersed before his face: barbarous customs were abolished; diabolical charms and superstitions were banished; and whatever squared not with the rule of the gospel could not stand before him. He seemed to be a flame amidst the forests or a hook extirpating noxious plants: with a giant's heart he appeared at work on every side. He made several regulations in ecclesiastical discipline, which were authorized by the bishops, and settled the regular solemn rehearsal of the canonical hours in all the churches of the diocese, which, since the Danish invasions, had been omitted even in cities: in which it was of service to him, that from his youth he had applied himself to the Church music. What was yet of much greater importance, he renewed the use of the sacraments, especially of confession or penance, of confirmation, and regular matrimony. St. Malachy, fearing lest he was not sufficiently skilled in the canons of the church to carry on a thorough reformation of discipline, and often labouring under great anxieties of mind on this account, resolved, with the approbation of his prelate, to repair for some time to Malchus, bishop of Lismore, who had been educated in England where he became a monk of Winchester, and was then for his learning and sanctity reputed the oracle of all Ireland. Being courteously received by this good old man, he was diligently instructed by him in all things belonging to the divine service, and to the care of souls, and at the same time, he employed his ministry in that church.

Ireland (like so many other countries in those ages) being at that time divided into several little

kingdoms,* it happened that Cormac, king of Munster, was dethroned by his wicked brother, and, in his misfortunes, had recourse to Bishop Malchus, not to recover his crown, but to save his soul ; fearing Him who takes away the spirit of princes, and being averse from shedding more blood for temporal interests. At the news of the arrival of such a guest, Malchus made preparations to receive him with due honour ; but the king would by no means consent to his desires, declaring it was his intention to think no more of worldly pomp but to live among his canons, to put on sackcloth, and labour by penance to secure to himself the possession of an eternal kingdom. Malchus made him a suitable exhortation on the conditions of his sacrifice, and of a contrite heart, and assigned him a little house to lodge in, and appointed St. Malachy his master, with bread and water for his sustenance. Through our saint's exhortations the king began to relish the sweetness of the incorruptible heavenly food of the soul, his heart was softened to compunction ; and whilst he subdued his flesh by austerities, he washed his soul with penitential tears, like another David, never ceasing to cry out with him to God : *Behold my baseness and my misery, and pardon me all my offences.* The sovereign judge was not deaf to his prayer, but (according to his infinite goodness) heard it not only in the sense in which it was uttered, purely for spiritual benefits, but also with regard to the greatest temporal favours,

* Ireland was anciently divided into two parts, the southern called Leth-Moga, or Mogha's-share ; and the northern called Leth-Cuinn, or Conn's-share ; from Concead-cathach, king of Ireland, and Mogha-nuadhad, king of Munster. The partition was made between the two contending kings about the year 192, by a line drawn from the mouth of the river Liffey at Dublin, to Galway.

granting him his holy grace which he asked, and in addition, restoring him to his earthly kingdom. For a neighbouring king, moved with indignation at the injury done to the majesty of kings in his expulsion, sought out the penitent in his cell, and finding him insensible to all worldly motives of interest, pressed him with those of piety, and the justice which he owed to his own subjects ; and not being able yet to succeed, engaged both Malchus the bishop, and St. Malachy to employ their authority and command, and to represent to him that justice to his people, and the divine honour, obliged him not to oppose the design. Therefore, with the succours of this king and the activity of many loyal subjects, he was easily forced again upon the throne ; and he ever after loved and honoured St Malachy as his father. Our saint was soon after called back by Celsus and Imar, both by letters and messages to Armagh.

The great abbey of Benchor,* now in the county of Down, lay at that time in a desolate condition, and its revenues were possessed by an uncle of St. Malachy, till it should be re-established. This uncle resigned it to his holy nephew that he might settle in

* Benchor, now corruptly called Bangor, is derived from the Latin *Benedictus-chorus*, Blessed choir. It was founded by St. Comgall about the year 550, is said to have had sometimes three thousand monks at once ; at least from it swarmed many other monasteries in Ireland and Scotland ; and St. Columban, a monk of this house, propagated its institute in France and Italy. The buildings were destroyed by Danish pirates, who massacred here nine hundred monks in one day. From that time it lay in ruins till St. Malachy restored it. A small part of St. Malachy's building yet subsists. The traces of the old foundation discover it to have been of great extent. See the new accurate History of the County of Down, p. 64, published in 1744, and Sir James Ware, in *Monasteriologia Hibernica*,
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it regular observance, and became himself a monk under his direction in this house, which, by the care of the saint, became a flourishing seminary of learning and piety, though not so numerous as it had formerly been. St. Malachy governed this house some time, and, to use St. Bernard's words, was in his deportment a living rule, and a bright glass, or, as it were, a book laid open in which all might learn the true precepts of religious conversation. He not only always went before his little flock, and in all monastic observances, but also did particular penances, and other actions of perfection, which no man was able to equal; and he worked with his brethren in hewing timber, and in the like manual labour. Several miraculous cures of sick persons, some of which St. Bernard recounts, added to his reputation. But the whole tenour of his life, says the saint, was the greatest of his miracles; and the composure of his mind, and the inward sanctity of his soul, appeared in his countenance, which was always modestly cheerful. A sister of our saint, who had led a worldly life, died, and he recommended her soul to God for a long time in the sacrifice of the altar. Having intermitted this for thirty days, he seemed one night to be advertised in his sleep that his sister waited with sorrow in the church-yard, and had been there thirty days without food. This he understood of spiritual food; and having resumed the custom of saying Mass, or causing one to be said for her every day, saw her after some time admitted to the door of the church, then within the church, and some days after to the altar, where she appeared in joy, in the midst of a troop of happy spirits; which vision gave him great comfort.*

* S. Bern. Vit. S. Malachiae, c. 5.

St. Malachy, in the thirtieth year of his age, was chosen bishop of Connor (now in the county of Down), and as he peremptorily refused to acquiesce in the election, he was at length obliged by the command of Imar, and the archbishop Celsus, to submit. Upon beginning the exercise of his functions he found that his flock were Christians in name only, but in their manners savage, vicious, and worse than pagans. However, he would not run away like a hireling, but resolved to spare no pains to turn these wolves into sheep. He preached in public with an apostolical vigour, mingling tenderness with a wholesome severity; and when they would not come to the church to hear him, he sought them in the streets and in their houses, exhorted them with tenderness, and often shed tears over them. He offered to God for them the sacrifice of a contrite and humble heart, and sometimes passed whole nights weeping and with his hands stretched forth to heaven in their behalf. The remotest villages and cottages of his diocese he visited, going always on foot, and he received all manner of affronts and sufferings with invincible patience. The most savage hearts were at length softened into humanity and a sense of religion, and the saint restored the frequent use of the sacraments among the people: and whereas, he found amongst them very few priests, and those both slothful and ignorant, he filled the diocese with zealous pastors, by whose assistance he banished ignorance and superstition, and established all religious observances, and the practice of piety. In the whole comportment of this holy man, nothing was more admirable than his invincible patience and meekness. All his actions breathed this spirit in such a manner as often to infuse the same into others. Amongst his miracles St. Bernard mentions, that a certain passionate woman, who was

before intolerable to all that approached her, was converted into the mildest of women by the saint commanding her in the name of Christ never to be angry more, hearing her confession, and enjoining her a suitable penance; from which time no injuries or tribulations could disturb her.

After some years the city of Connor was taken and sacked by the King of Ulster; upon which St. Malachy, with a hundred and twenty disciples, retired into Munster, and there, with the assistance of King Cormac, built the monastery of Ibrac, which some suppose to have been near Cork, others to be in the isle of Beg-erin, where St. Imar formerly resided. Whilst our saint governed this holy family in the strictest monastic discipline, humbling himself even to the meanest offices of the community, and, in point of holy poverty and penance, going beyond all his brethren, the archbishop Celsus was taken with that illness of which he died. In his infirmity he appointed St. Malachy to be his successor, conjuring all persons concerned, in the name of St. Patrick, the founder of that see, to concur to that promotion, and oppose the intrusion of any other person. This he not only most earnestly declared by word of mouth, but also recommended by letters to persons of the greatest interest and power in the country, particularly to the two kings of Upper and Lower Munster. This he did out of a zealous desire to abolish a most scandalous abuse which had been the source of all other disorders in the churches of Ireland. For two hundred years past, the family out of which Celsus had been assumed, and which was the most powerful in the country, had, during fifteen generations, usurped the archbishopric as an inheritance; insomuch, that when there was no clergyman of their kindred, they intruded some married man and layman

of their family, who, without any holy orders, had the administration and enjoyed the revenues of that see, and even exercised a despotical tyranny over the other bishops of the island. Notwithstanding the precaution taken by Celsus, who was a good man, after his death, though Malachy was canonically elected, pursuant to his desire, Maurice, one of the above-mentioned family, got possession. Malachy declined the promotion, and alleged the dangers of a tumult and bloodshed. Thus, three years passed till Malchus bishop of Lismore, and Gillebert, bishop of Limerick, who was the pope's legate in Ireland, assembled the bishops and great men of the island, and threatened Malachy with excommunication if he refused to accept the archbishopric. Hereupon he submitted, but said: "You drag me to death. I obey in hopes of martyrdom; but, on this condition, that if the business succeed according to your desires, when all things are settled, you shall permit me to return to my former spouse, and my beloved poverty." They promised he should have the liberty so to do, and he took upon him that charge, and exercised his functions with great zeal through the whole province, except in the city of Armagh, which he did not enter for fear of bloodshed, so long as Maurice lived, which was two years more.

At the end of five years, after the demise of Celsus, Maurice died, and, to complete his iniquities and increase his damnation, named his kinsman Nigellus for his successor. But King Cormac, and the bishops, resolved to instal St. Malachy in that see, and he was acknowledged the only lawful metropolitan in the year 1133, and thirty-eighth of his age. Nigellus was obliged to leave Armagh, but carried with him two relics held by the Irish in great veneration; and the common people were foolishly persuaded that he

was archbishop who had them in his possession. These were a book of the gospels which had belonged to St. Patrick, and a crosier called the staff of Jesus, which was covered with gold, and ornamented with rich jewels. By this fallacy some still adhered to him, and his kindred violently persecuted St. Malachy. One of the chief amongst them invited him to a conference at his house with a secret design to murder him. The saint, against the advice of all his friends, went thither, offering himself to martyrdom for the sake of peace; he was accompanied only by three disciples, who were ready to die with him. But the courage and heavenly mildness of his countenance disarmed his enemies as soon as he appeared amongst them: and he who had designed to murder him, rose up to do him honour, and a peace was concluded on all sides. Nigellus not long after surrendered the sacred book and crosier into his hands; and several of the saint's enemies were cut off by visible judgments. A raging pestilence, which broke out at Armagh, was suddenly averted by his prayers, and he wrought many other miracles. Having rescued that church from oppression, and restored discipline and peace, he insisted upon resigning the archiepiscopal dignity, according to covenant, and ordained Gelasius, a worthy ecclesiastic, in his place. He then returned to his former see: but whereas the two sees of Connor and Down had been long united, he again divided them, consecrated another bishop for Connor, and reserved to himself only that of Down, which was the smaller and poorer. Here he established a community of regular canons, with whom he attended to prayer and meditation, as much as the external duties of his charge would permit him. He regulated every thing, and formed great designs for the divine honour.

To obtain the confirmation of many things which he had done, he undertook a journey to Rome: in which one of his motives was to procure palls for two archbishops; namely, for the see of Armagh, which had long wanted that honour through the neglect and abuses of the late usurpers, and for another metropolitical see which Celsus had formed a project of, but which had not been confirmed by the Pope.* St. Malachy left Ireland in 1139; conversed some time at York with a holy priest named Sycar, an eminent servant of God, and in his way through France visited Clairvaux, where St. Bernard first became acquainted with him and conceived the greatest affection and veneration for him on account of his sanctity. St. Malachy was so edified with the wonderful spirit of piety which he discovered in St. Bernard and his monks, that he most earnestly desired to join them in their holy exercises of penance and contemplation, and to end his days in their company; but he was never able to gain the pope's consent to leave his bishopric. Proceeding on his journey, at Yvree in Piedmont he restored to health the child of the host with whom he lodged, who was at the point of death. Pope Innocent II. received him with great honour; but would not hear of his petition for spending the

* The great metropolitical see of Armagh was erected by St. Patrick, in the year 444, according to the annals of Ulster, quoted by Sir James Ware. The great church was built in 1262, by the Archbishop Patrick O'Scanlain, a great benefactor to this see. It was served by regular canons of St. Austin, who are said to have been founded here by Imar O'Hedagain, master of St. Malachy O'Morgair, who settled that community in this church when he was archbishop. The metropolitical see erected by Celsus, the name of which was unknown to St. Bernard, was perhaps that of Tuam, to which a pall was first granted in 1152.

remainder of his life at Clairvaux. He confirmed all he had done in Ireland, made him his legate in that island, and promised him the pall. The saint in his return called again at Clairvaux, where, says St. Bernard, he gave us a second time his blessing. Not being able to remain himself with those servants of God, he left his heart there, and four of his companions, who, taking the Cistercian habit, afterwards came over into Ireland, and instituted the abbey of Mellifont, of that Order, and the parent of many others in those parts. St. Malachy went home through Scotland, where king David earnestly entreated him to restore to health his son Henry, who lay dangerously ill. The saint said to the sick prince: "Be of good courage; you will not die this time." Then sprinkled him with holy water, and the next day the prince was perfectly recovered.

St. Malachy was received in Ireland with the greatest joy, and discharged his office of legate with wonderful zeal and fruit, preaching every where, holding synods, making excellent regulations, abolishing abuses, and working many miracles. One of these St. Charles Borromeo used to repeat to his priests, when he exhorted them not to fail being watchful and diligent in administering in due time the sacrament of extreme unction to the sick. It is related by St. Bernard as follows.* The lady of a certain knight who dwelt near Benchor, being at the article of death, St. Malachy was sent for; and after suitable exhortations, he prepared to give her extreme unction. It seemed to all her friends better to postpone that sacrament till the next morning, when she might be better disposed to receive it. St. Malachy

* S. Bernard, invit. S. Malachiæ, c. 24 (al. 20) p. 686 ed. Mabill. fol.

yielded to their earnest entreaties, though with great unwillingness. The holy man having made the sign of the cross upon the sick woman, retired to his chamber; but was disturbed in the beginning of the night with an uproar through the whole house, and lamentations and cries, that their mistress was dead. The bishop ran to her chamber, and found her departed; whereupon, lifting up his hands to heaven, he said with bitter grief and remorse: "It is I myself who have sinned by this delay, not this poor creature." Desiring earnestly to render to the dead what he accused himself that he by his neglect had robbed her of, he continued standing over the corpse, praying with many bitter tears and sighs; and from time to time turning towards the company, he said to them: "Watch and pray." They passed the whole night in sighs and reciting the psalter, and other devout prayers; when, at break of day, the deceased lady opened her eyes, sat up, and knowing St. Malachy, with devout bow saluted him: at which sight all present were exceedingly amazed, and their sadness was turned into joy. St. Malachy would anoint her without delay, knowing well that by this sacrament sins are remitted, and the body receives help as is most expedient. The lady, to the greater glory of God, recovered and lived some time to perform the penance imposed on her by St. Malachy; then relapsed, and with the usual succours of the church happily departed.

St. Malachy built a church of stone at Benchor, on a new plan, such as he had seen in other countries: at which unusual edifice the people of the country were struck with great admiration.* He likewise rebuilt or repaired the cathedral church at Down, famous

* St. Bernard. in vit. S. Malachie, c. 26.

for the tomb of St. Patrick; whither also the bodies of St. Columba and St. Bridget were afterwards removed.* St. Malachy's zeal for the re-establishment of the Irish church in its splendour moved him to meditate a second journey into France, in order to meet Pope Eugenius III. who was come into that kingdom. Innocent II. died before the two palls which he had promised could be prepared and sent. Celestine II. and Lucius II. died in less than a year and a half. This affair having been so long delayed, St. Malachy convened the bishops of Ireland, and received from them a deputation to make fresh application to the apostolic see. In his journey through England, whilst he lodged with the holy canons at Gisburn, a woman was brought to him, who had a loathsome cancer in her breast; whom he sprinkled with water which he had blessed, and the next day she was perfectly healed. Before he reached France the Pope was returned to Rome: but St. Malachy determined not to cross the Alps without first visiting his beloved Clairvaux. He arrived there in October, 1148, and was received with great joy by St. Bernard and his holy monks, in whose happy company he was soon to end his mortal pilgrimage. Having celebrated Mass with his usual devotion on

* The see of Down was again united to that of Connor, by Eugenius IV. in 1441. *Dun* signified a hill amongst the Irish, Britons, Saxons, and Gauls. Whence Dun-keran, Dunganon, Dun-garvan, &c. Dunelmum, Camelodunum, Sorbi-dunum, &c. Lugdunum, Juliodunum, &c. (Sir James Ware, *Antiq. Hibern.* c. 29. p. 296.) *Dun* also signifies a habitation, generally erected on elevated ground. We learn from the ancient Irish Annals that many stone churches had been erected in Ireland before the time of St. Malachy. They were, in the language of the country, called Damliags; from *Dam* a house, and *liag* a stone.

the feast of St. Luke, he was seized with a fever, which obliged him to take to his bed. The good monks were very active in assisting him; but he assured them that all the pain they took about him was to no purpose, because he should not recover. St. Bernard doubts not but he had a foreknowledge of the day of his departure. How sick and weak soever he was, he would needs rise and crawl down stairs into the church, that he might there receive the extreme-unction and the viaticum, which he did lying on ashes strewed on the floor. He earnestly begged that all persons would continue their prayers for him after his death, promising to remember them before God; he tenderly commended also to their prayers all the souls which had been committed to his charge; and sweetly reposed in our Lord on All Souls'-day, the second of November, in the year 1148, of his age fifty-four; and was interred in the chapel of our Lady at Clairvaux, and carried to the grave on the shoulders of abbots. At his burial was present a youth, one of whose arms was struck with a dead palsy, so that it hung useless and without life by his side. Him St. Bernard called, and taking up the dead arm applied it to the hand of the deceased Saint, and it was wonderfully restored to itself, as this venerable author himself assures us.* St. Bernard, in his second discourse on this saint, says to his monks:† “May he protect us by his merits, whom he has instructed by his example, and confirmed by his miracles.” At his funeral, having sung a Mass of requiem for his soul, he added to the Mass a collect to implore the divine grace through his intercession; having been assured of his glory by a

* S Bern. vit. S. Malach. c. ult. p. 698.

† Serm. 2 de S. Malach. p. 1052.

revelation at the altar, as his disciple Geoffroy relates in the fourth book of his life. St. Malachy was canonized by a bull of Pope Clement (either the third or fourth), addressed to the general chapter of the Cistercians, in the third year of his pontificate.*

Two things, says St. Bernard,† made Malachy a saint, perfect meekness (which is always founded in sincere profound humility) and a lively faith: by the first, he was dead to himself; by the second, his soul was closely united to God in the exercises of assiduous prayer and contemplation. *He sanctified him in faith and mildness.*‡ It is only by the same means we can become saints. How perfectly Malachy was dead to himself, appeared by his holding the metropolitanical dignity so long as it was attended with extraordinary dangers and tribulations, and by his quitting it as soon as he could enjoy it in peace: how entirely he was dead to the world, he showed by his love of sufferings and poverty, and by the state of voluntary privations and self-denial, in which he lived in the midst of prosperity, being always poor to himself, and rich to the poor, as he is styled by St. Bernard. In him this father draws the true character of a good pastor, when he tells us, that self-love and the world were crucified in his heart, and that he joined the closest interior solitude with the most diligent application to all the exterior functions of his ministry. “He seemed to live wholly to himself, yet so devoted to the service of his neighbour, as if he lived wholly for them.§ So perfectly did neither charity withdraw him from the strictest watchfulness

* Mabill. ib. p. 698.

† Serm. de S. Malachiâ.

‡ Ecclus. xi. 5.

§ “Totus tuus et totus omnium erat,” &c. S. Bern. Serm. 2 de S.

over himself, nor the care of his own soul hinder him in any thing from attending to the service of others. If you saw him amidst the cares and functions of his pastoral charge, you would say he was born for others, not for himself. Yet if you considered him in his retirement, or observed his constant recollection, you would think that he lived only to God and himself."



THE LIFE OF SAINT LAURENCE O'TOOLE,

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE was born A.D. 1105. His father was Maurice, lord or chieftain of Hy-Murray, and his mother was a daughter of the princely house of O'Byrne, which for centuries ruled supreme over a considerable portion of the County Wicklow, then called Kill-Mantain.

St. Laurence's father was the chief prince of the district now called Omurthi, which comprises about half of the present County Kildare, *i.e.*, the baronies of Kilkea and Moone, Narragh, Rheban, and part of the barony of Connell. After the Saint's death, the family of O'Toole was dispossessed of their ancient principality by Meyler Fitz Henry and Walter de Riddlesford, two of the early English invaders, and driven into the fastnesses of Wicklow, where they superseded another aboriginal tribe, and established themselves chieftains or princes of Imail. De Riddlesford's stronghold at Castledermot now lies in ruins, the memory of its rapacious lord is forgotten, but that of the holy man whose progenitors he despoiled shall be in everlasting remembrance. St. Laurence was the fourth and youngest son of Maurice O'Toole, prince of Hy-Murray.

Messingham's "Garland of Irish Saints," tells us that his parents wished to have him baptised Constantine, but that the sponsors were met on their way to the Church of St. Brigid, of Kildare, by a man having the reputation of a prophet, who insisted that this child of promise should be called Laurence, thus as it were anticipating that eternal laurel wherewith he was to be crowned for all those eminent virtues which were to distinguish the future illustrious prelate.

St. Laurence was taken from the baptismal font at a moment when his country was about to be visited by one of those direful calamities with which Providence is often pleased to punish the crimes of peoples and princes.

Dermod Mac Murrough was then King of Leinster, and was about fifteen years older than St. Laurence. This impious prince was stained with every crime, and his whole life was an uninterrupted series of excesses against God and man. He plundered and burned many churches, say the ancient chroniclers of Ireland, and was constantly perpetrating the foulest atrocities. His character is best given in the words of a contemporary historian:—"He was a man of great stature and large frame, warlike and audacious. From his constant and continuous pursuit of war, his very voice became harsh and terrifying; desirous to be feared rather than loved, he was the oppressor of the powerful and the advocate of the lowly-born. Hostile to his own, and hated by strangers, every man's hand was against him, and his was against every one." He was the Ishmael of his race, and like his prototype, "pitched his tents against his brethren."

When Laurence was but ten years of age this ferocious Dermod made a predatory incursion into

the County Kildare, and the father of the future Saint, to avert the fire and sword of this infamous prince, was obliged to give him his son as a hostage.

The sacrilegious king, who burned and plundered the churches of Kells and Clonard, had little compassion for the tender years of his captive. Far from treating him with gentleness or humanity, he banished him to a most inhospitable region, where he could barely find what was necessary to sustain life, or clothing against the inclemency of the weather. After suffering all the privations that this Christian Pharaoh could inflict, some compassionate friend informed the father of his pious child's misery. Stung to madness by the king's inhumanity, Maurice O'Toole seized twelve of Dermot's soldiers, and vowed that he would slay them if his son was not restored to him. The threat had its effect, and Dermot, to save the life of his swordsmen, released the child, after two years of captivity, on condition that he should be handed over to the Abbot of Glendaloch.

At this period Glendaloch was a bishop's see, for it was not incorporated with the diocese of Dublin till 1152, when the latter was erected into an archbishopric. There an abbot presided over a large community of monks, who, far away from the tumults of the world, made those temples once so glorious, and now so venerable even in their ruins, resound with the praises of God. Nay more, this valley, chosen as a hermitage by St. Kevin, as early as the sixth century, was a great school, where the scholar in quest of knowledge, when the light of civilisation had almost gone out in Europe, came to find bread and book. Beneath the shadow of its mysterious round tower, and along the margin of its tranquil lake,

many and many a youth from the most distant regions applied himself to the acquirement of that knowledge which was so absolutely necessary to captivate the hearts of roving barbarians, and win them to the law of Christ. Young Christian, when you stand amidst these or other ruins of the temples once sacred to the worship of your God, fail not to recognise in them the antiquity of your faith. Let every vestige of the once holy place be a triumphant proof that the religion which you profess is that which Celestine sent Patrick to preach. The crumbling cross, and desecrated altar, the holy font, the tomb-stone that begs a prayer for the soul of the deceased, whose very bones have, ages gone, resolved themselves into their original earth—let these be evidences of your religion, which none can gainsay.

After staying twelve days with the Bishop and Abbot, Laurence returned to his father's principality.

When Laurence had completed his twelfth year, his father brought him back to Glendaloch to visit and thank the Bishop and Abbot. It was now time to shape the youth's destinies, and Maurice O'Toole may have imagined that his youngest son would bethink him of acquiring that military knowledge of which he might soon have need for the defence of his immemorial birthrights.

But the parent little knew the yearnings of his child's heart. Much as he loved the land of his birth—for to him this love was his earliest and latest sentiment—his aspirations were not for this world's fading and perishable honours. He longed not for earthly fame. Though he alone was to survive all his father's princely line, he cared not for those solemn rites that would have inaugurated him chief of his sept. In the silence and solitude of the region to which Dermot had banished him, he had communed

too long and too deeply with his God, and that God had spoken to his heart and made a covenant with him. Ah! how valueless in his eyes were all the mundane promises that paternal pride could hold out! The white wand, the symbol of a chieftain's power, what was it compared to the confessor's laurel, or the blood-gemmed crown of the martyr? What mattered it to him if his name was not to be celebrated in the songs which his country's bards chanted in praise of those who won fame by martial deeds? How little worth were all their eulogies compared to a place in the calendar of the canonized saints of the Church—to a place in that imperishable record whereon God's angels inscribe the names of those who shine like bright constellations above the world's clouds and mists!

When, therefore, his father was about to decide his child's destiny by a superstitious ordeal, Laurence had already made choice of the state of life to which God called him. All importunity was set aside by one simple answer—"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup: the lines have fallen unto me in goodly places: for my inheritance is goodly unto me." The father would not thwart the designs of Providence, and he therefore dedicated his son to God and St. Kevin.

Here, then, under the auspices of its Bishop and Abbot, Laurence applied himself with all diligence to the study of literature, sacred and profane. In a very brief space he proved himself superior to all his competitors in learning; and those who had the direction of his earliest studies rightly pronounced that his sanctity and abilities would one day shed lustre on his country, and give forth a trail of light that should not disappear in ages to come. Like another Samuel under Elcana, says his biographer,

the boy progressed in knowledge and the fear of the Lord. The grace of God strengthened his heart against the blandishments and seductions of the world, and the Holy Spirit so flooded his soul with supernal light, that like his grand model, he advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and man. So much so, that when he had attained his twenty-fifth year, he was unanimously chosen Abbot of that venerable monastery, which, in the early Papal bulls, is often styled the Valley of the Two Lakes (*Vallis Duorum Stagnorum*).

Our Saint's biographer informs us, that during his government of the monastery there came a famine into the land, and that many of the people perished of hunger. This direful visitation, "when the tongue of the sucking child stuck to the roof of his mouth for thirst, and the little ones asked for bread, and there was none to break it to them," called forth all the energies of St. Laurence. God heard his prayer in behalf of the starving multitudes, and that prayer induced the Giver of all good gifts to open his hand, and fill his people with benediction. During the four years of this awful chastisement, nothing could exceed the holy solicitude of the Saint in succouring those who came to crave his charity. The gates of his monastery were ever open to the famished multitudes who crawled thither, and with his own holy hands, even as the humblest of his monks, he relieved them in their extremity; "for although a ruler, he was not lifted up, but was among them as one of them." This direful visitation impelled some unhappy people to crime, and we find that the monastery was assaulted by robbers, who, disregarding of God's wrath, committed many sacrileges. When outraged justice would have laid violent hands on the perpetrators, St. Laurence interposed: for like

Him who was the model of his life, he willed not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live. The mild persuasion that fell from his lips found its way into obdurate hearts; for "he was beloved of God, who made him like the saints in glory, and magnified him in the fear of his enemies, and with his words he made PRODIGES to cease." It was during this famine that he distributed to the starving a large treasure deposited with him by his father. Isolated from self, he regarded his wealth as the portion of the representatives of his Redeemer, thus bringing down on himself the blessings promised to those "who distribute and give to the poor, whose justice remaineth for ever and ever, and whose horn shall be exalted in glory."

And now the fame of Laurence's sanctity sped abroad throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Great was the joy of princes and people that God had raised up another saint for the old Celtic race. Bending beneath the weight of years and austerities, Gildas, Bishop of Glendaloch, was about to lay down his crozier, and go to the bosom of St. Kevin. The religious and the people would have conferred the pastoral staff on Laurence, but his humility would not allow him to take this most responsible charge. Furthermore, he had not yet attained the canonical age prescribed for bishops.

But God had reserved for him a greater dignity. Abilities and sanctity such as his were destined to have wider scope, and howsoever much he might yearn to spend his years, and lay his bones in the valley of Glendaloch, where blessed Kevin lived and died, it was not meet that he should resist the unanimous voices of clergy and people beseeching him to come and seat himself on the vacant throne

of Gregory, Archbishop of Dublin, who deceased A.D. 1162. In obedience, therefore, to the suggestions of the Holy Ghost, Laurence bade reluctant farewell to the secluded scene of his early life, and proceeded to Dublin, where he was consecrated by Gelasius, Primate of all Ireland, and successor of St. Malachy. The consecration took place in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, A.D. 1162. The ancient Cathedral of Dublin was the Church of the Holy Trinity, built in 1038, when Sitric was King, and Donatus Bishop of the Ostmen, or Danes of Dublin, and it was not styled *Christ's Church*, till 1541, when Henry VIII. sacrilegiously seized its revenues.

Now seated on the archiepiscopal throne of Dublin, the first care of the holy prelate was to stimulate the zeal of priests and people, both by word and example. The historian of his life dwells with particular pleasure on the personal appearance of St. Laurence, telling us that he was of elegant and comely stature; and even at this distance of time, fancy, aided by the facts which subsequently raised him to the dignity of a Saint, can revive mellowed memories of the period when the anointed prelate offered the holy sacrifice within the walls of the Holy Trinity, and raised his venerable hands to bless the multitudes that prostrated themselves in those aisles and nave, where now, alas! his very name is forgotten. One of his first acts was to introduce the discipline and habit of the Canons Regular of Aroasia, for the clergy of his Cathedral hitherto had been secular canons, and for this purpose he sent two of his canons to Rome, in 1163, to obtain the sanction of the Holy See. He himself was an exemplar of every perfection to priests and people. He was instant in season and out of season in every good work; beneath the habit of his order

he invariably wore a shirt of hair cloth ; he rose at midnight to sing the holy office ; and when others retired to rest after this duty, he descended, says his historian, to the neighbouring cemetery to meditate on death, and pray for the souls of those who lay there awaiting the resurrection. His charity knew no bounds. When famine visited the city, he gave his all to alleviate the sufferings of his people ; sixty of them received food daily at his hands ; and he who was so beneficent to others, allowed himself not the most moderate indulgence. He never ate flesh meat ; and every Friday, remembering our Redeemer's Passion, he took nothing save a little bread and water. "Ah !" remarks his biographer, "how truly might he have said, 'I ate ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.'" Withal, this model of mortification was hospitable, courteous, and affable. The great ones of the land were invited to his table ; but he himself partook not of the luxuries which he generously spread for others. His chief delight was to kneel before the crucifix, and commune for whole hours with his God ; and this crucifix, says his biographer, spoke words of hope and consolation to his soul, lauding him for his sanctity, and mayhap revealing that, like Him whom it symbolized, he, too, was destined to ascend his Calvary, and have his brow crowned with the thorny crown of many tribulations.

Amidst all the cares attendant on the archiepiscopal office, Laurence never forgot the Valley of the Churches, that tranquil abode where he passed his early years. From time to time he visited Glendaloch, and after praying before the shrine of St. Kevin, betook himself to an oratory on the upper lake, where nought, save the rippling of the waters and the wind rustling in the foliage with which the sacred

valley's sides were then clothed, broke on his silence and retirement. During his retreat he gave strict orders that he should not be disturbed, save for matters of great importance. He then, says his biographer, came forth, like Moses from the mountain, all radiant and prepared to announce the law of Christ to a people whose sins were about to bring down on them the Lord's direful chastisement. It would appear that during one of those pilgrimages Heaven was pleased to reveal to him the long series of calamities which it was about to inflict on the Irish people who had outraged God by their feuds and other vices. The Saint predicted all the woes that were to follow their disunion and sanguinary conflicts; but although he forewarned that the "sword of the Lord should be swift and sudden" upon them, his exhortations availed little. King Dermot, not satisfied with plundering and burning churches, sought to invade his jurisdiction by obtruding an unworthy person into the abbacy of Glendaloch; but the Saint withstood him to his teeth and bestowed the office on an unexceptionable person, his own nephew, Thomas. He *whose hand was against every man* dared not resist the vindicator of the Church's immunities; and the ferocious tyrant, to whom Laurence was given as a hostage in his tender youth, shrank abashed before the inflexible determination of the man now grown to eminence and sanctity.

In the year 1152, this Dermot, being then in his 62nd year, carried off Devorgilla, the wife of O'Rorke, Prince of Brefny. The unhappy woman was then forty-four years of age, and her crime was committed with the consent of her brother. This national scandal, that brought such woes on Ireland, shocked the hearts of the virtuous, and ultimately realized the long train of disasters which the Saint predicted. In

1167, King Roderic O'Connor marched an army into Leinster, and, as it were, to avenge this national disgrace, waged a war of extermination against Dermot. In 1168, the traitorous king was driven out of Ireland, and fled to Aquitaine, where he threw himself on the mercy of St. Thomas A'Becket's murderer (Henry II.), and prayed his aid in the recovery of his kingdom. In 1170, a band of adventurers, hired by Dermot, and led by Strongbow, landed at Waterford, and having taken that city, marched on Dublin, with the determination of seizing it and putting its inhabitants to the sword. At this critical moment nearly all Leinster had been recovered for King Dermot, who gave his daughter Eva in marriage to Strongbow, and proclaimed them his heirs. The sad and disgraceful result was attributable not to the superior valour of the Anglo-Normans, but rather to the disunion and sinful feuds of the Irish princes and people, against which St. Laurence had long inveighed; but alas! how vainly. Now that Dermot and his mail-clad allies were besieging the metropolis of his see, the holy Archbishop, yearning for the safety of its inhabitants, and dreading the effusion of blood, deemed it his duty to negotiate a peaceful surrender, and for this purpose had advanced into the enemy's lines. Whilst employed in this office of mercy, Strongbow's soldiers scaled the walls, and entering the city by surprise, fell, sword in hand, on the unfortunate denizens. In vain did the holy prelate strive to stay the carnage; young and old, armed and unarmed, fell beneath the swords and lances of King Dermot's allies; and when prayers for mercy failed, Laurence was everywhere amongst the wounded and dying, ministering the consolations of religion to those who were gasping out their souls in the streets of the city. Like Jeremias, says his biographer, he mourned over

the ruin of his people. "The child and the old man lie without on the ground : my virgins and my young men are fallen by the sword : thou hast slain them in the day of thy wrath : thou hast killed and shown them no pity !" Respect for Laurence's sanctity restrained the conquerors from despoiling his Cathedral ; but they slew the citizens indiscriminately. Ah ! hapless nation, thy sainted pastor would *have gathered together thy children*, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not !

Thus was Dublin taken in 1170 ; and soon afterwards died DERMOT MAC MURROGH, the cause of all these disasters. "*He died,*" say the Chronicles "*at Ferns without unction, the body of Christ, or repentance, as his sins deserved.*"

Notwithstanding the fall of Dublin, the holy fire of patriotism was not extinguished in St. Laurence's breast. Again and again, he strove to unite his infatuated countrymen in a defensive league with the Danish population settled on the north-east coast of Ireland. Though Dublin was in the hands of the invaders, nothing would have been easier than to wrest it from them, for they were cooped up in the city without any hope of obtaining provisions. But the demon of discord was busy with chieftains and princes, and although Roderic, King of Connaught, encamped with a numerous army on the north bank of the Liffey, 600 Normans sallying from the city sufficed to rout him.

In 1171, King Henry II. landed at Waterford, and some of the southern princes and bishops hastened to do him homage as Lord of Ireland ; in the Christmas of the same year the king came to Dublin, and St. Laurence seeing that there was no hope for an inglorious struggle, and deeming it his duty to stay the wanton effusion of blood, also made submission.

Meanwhile he did not cease to labour for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock. The English swordsmen had spared many a widow and orphan to mourn over the red graves of husbands and parents. The holy prelate exerted all his energies to succour and solace them. Famine came with bondage, and Laurence disbursed his all to meet the visitation. Every day he fed fifty strangers, and 300 poor of his own diocese, along with others to whom he gave all the necessaries of life. About Christmas, 1173, he assisted at the Synod of Cashel, in the grand old Cathedral which now crowns Munster like a shattered diadem.

In 1175, he proceeded to Canterbury on a diplomatic mission from King Roderic to Henry II.; for as yet, neither the north or west of Ireland acknowledged the nominal sovereignty of Henry, which "remained bounded by a line drawn from north-east to south-west, from the mouth of the Boyne to that of the Shannon." When about to celebrate Mass in the Cathedral, the altar of which was still red with the blood of St. Thomas A'Becket, a maniac entered the church, and rushing on the holy prelate, felled him with a stroke of a stave on the head. On being raised by the attendants, who thought him killed, Laurence desired a cup of water to be brought, over which he made the sign of the cross, washed the wound, staunched the hemorrhage, and then went on with the Mass. The trace of the wound was visible long after the decease of the holy prelate. Henry, wishing, no doubt, to expiate his guilty connivance at the murder of St. Thomas, would have executed the maniac, but the merciful interposition of the Archbishop saved his life.

In 1179, St. Laurence, accompanied by Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam, and other Irish prelates, pro-

ceeded to Rome to assist the Second General Council of Lateran. Passing through England, Henry admonished him against doing anything that might tend to prejudice him at the Pontiff's court. The admonition was an avowal of Henry's guilty complicity with the organized bands of armed marauders who were then harrying the disunited Irish people, and despoiling them of their fields and homesteads. It would seem that Pope Alexander III. gave favourable ear to St. Laurence's remonstrances, and granted him some privileges against the royal authority. Amidst all the cares and serious occupations that then engaged him, amidst all the glories of Rome, he ceased not to think of his native soil ; and even when he knelt within the temple raised by Constantine over the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, may we not suppose that his memory often reverted to the land of his fathers, and that his fervent prayers were offered for the preservation of the holy religion whose interests were so dear to his heart ?

Justly appreciating the eminent qualifications of the holy Archbishop, and setting the seal of his approbation on the salutary reforms which the exigencies of his times rendered necessary for the well-being of the Church ; and seeing, moreover, that he was fully equal to defend the liberties of the Church against all attempts that might be made on them, whether by King Henry or any of his suzerains, Alexander III. appointed Laurence his Legate, and confirmed his jurisdiction over the sees of Glendaloch, Kildare, Ferns, Leighlin, and Ossory.

Once again in his metropolitan see, he found, the country suffering from famine ; for, indeed, there was little time for tillage while the work of devastation was going on between the invaders and the invaded. Nevertheless he struggled with paternal zeal to supply

the necessaries of life to multitudes ; and the orphan and the widow were the special objects of his fostering care. As many as three hundred orphans were entirely provided for out of the revenues of his see ; and while his heart sickened at the sight of the misery to which the country had been reduced by faggot and sword, he never forgot that the poor, the naked, and the famished, were the representatives of Christ, and that He pronounced a benediction on him who "understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." Nor was he unmindful of his Cathedral or its splendour ; both needed his care, and he, therefore, rebuilt its choir, and erected two chapels contiguous to it ; one sacred to the Blessed Virgin and St. Edmund, and the other to St. Laud, the Saxon Saint.

In 1180 the English forces marched from Dublin, crossed the Shannon, and made an incursion into Connaught. This incursion was made at the instance of the son of Roderic, King of Connaught, who had gone over to the enemy. Roderic, however, met the invaders of his territory, and, after a desultory warfare, inglorious to both parties, drove the English back to Dublin. At the urgent entreaty of King Roderic, St. Laurence proceeded to the court of Henry II., with powers to accommodate a peace between the two monarchs. Henry, it would appear, was inflexible ; and although St. Laurence offered him Roderic's nephew as a hostage, his prayers and proposal were of no avail. Henry having sailed for Normandy, St. Laurence sought hospitality in the monastery of Abingdon, where he fell sick of fever, superinduced, doubtless, by his anxieties and exertions. Henry, meanwhile, had given orders that the Irish ports should be closed against the Archbishop, who had now made up his mind to follow him into France.

Taking ship at Dover, with the fever still on him, and with heart sorely grief-stricken, he lost no time in prosecuting his mission. But it was not the will of Heaven that the Archbishop should see the King, or return to that land which he loved so well. Accompanied by one attendant, he arrived on the highest point of the coast of Eu, and meeting some shepherds, asked them the name of the church, the towers of which he saw in the valley; they replied that it was the Church of St. Victor, belonging to the Regular Canons. "Here, then," said the worn and wearied exile, "will I rest for ever; this shall be my habitation, because I have chosen it." Abbot Osbert hastened to meet him, and after the Saint had prayed before the grand altar, he was laid on his bed and received the holy viaticum. Meanwhile David, the chaplain of Roderic's nephew, came to tell him that King Henry had consented to some of his propositions. Being asked to make his will, he observed that he had nothing to bequeath, nay, not even the pallet on which he reposed his aged frame. Even then, whilst his soul was hovering on the confines of eternity, his heart was in the land of his fathers, and those who stood near could hear him saying—"Miserable people, who now will comfort you? who will heal your infirmities?"

Thus, on the 14th of November, 1180, died St. Laurence, Archbishop of Dublin. At the moment of his death, says his biographer, there came such a flood of light into the abbey that we believed it to be on fire. Oh, how admirable in the sight of God is the death of his saints!

In 1186, St. Laurence's body was exhumed, and found entire. Guy, the Abbot, then hastened to Rome, where he spent seven years urging the canonization of the holy prelate, whom the people had already

canonized, for the many miracles wrought by his relics. In 1218, Honorius III. issued the bull of canonization; and thus was this scion of the old Celtic race placed on the calendar of Saints. In 1226, Godefrey, Bishop of Amiens with a vast concourse of the French clergy, deposited the Saint's relics on the grand altar of the Church of our Lady, which henceforth began to be called the Church of St. Laurence. A portion of his relics was long preserved in his own Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, along with the crucifix before which he used to pray. But those sacred memorials were burned by a fanatic, who burned the crozier of St. Patrick, after he had stripped it of the gold and jewels with which the piety of princes and people had enshrined it. On the very spot where the Saint landed, an oratory was erected, and the church which contained his relics became so frequented by innumerable pilgrims, that it had to be enlarged. The Archbishop of Rouen, aided by the munificence of Lusignan III., caused a magnificent shrine to be made for the body of the Saint, and amongst those who wrought at this rich work of art was a gentleman of the city of Eu, who had been cured of a dangerous ailment by the intercession of St. Laurence. This shrine was ornamented with the figure of the Count of Eu, armed with sword and buckler, on which was inscribed, "I am Roland, the noble cavalier." Thus, in the ages of faith, did the French people honour the canonized bones of a Saint of the Irish race. The chalice that he was wont to use was religiously preserved in the Abbey of St. Victor till 1562, when it was carried off by the Huguenots of Dieppe. The tomb of the Saint, however, escaped the Vandalism of that period, and still exists. It represents St. Laurence reclining, dressed in the pontifical vestments; his hands, folded on his

breast, hold a broken staff; his head is crowned with a mitre, and his chin is covered with a flowing beard.

But the memory of the Saint has not been forgotten in the city of which he is the patron and protector. In the year of our Lord 1844, the foundation-stone of a new temple, under the invocation of the Saint, was laid by his successor, Daniel, who dedicated it, June 24th, 1850; and in 1853, the sacred edifice was erected into a parochial church, by an indult of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., obtained by his Grace, Dr. Murray, late Archbishop of Dublin.

Christian reader, if thou wouldst learn to honour the memory of this illustrious Bishop and Confessor, hear how he is invoked in the land of his exile:—"Great St. Laurence, who camest to mingle thy apostolic ashes with those of the chivalrous Lords of Eu, thy sepulchre has remained glorious with us! In thine own country, Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, it could not have been circled with greater homage than in this Christian Normandie, the land of churches and abbeys. Thy coffin is uninscribed, but thy name is graven on the hearts of the people. From the depths of their tombs, the Norman princes supplicate the suffrages of prayer. Thou, in thy tomb, receivest the homage of kings, and the prayers of the people. The sarcophaguses which surround thee contain death, thine, alone, contains life. Ages gone, thousands of pilgrims have not ceased to visit thy bones, which have performed prodigious miracles. Thou art the protector of this city, which has placed its hope in thee. Continue to defend it against the calamities which threaten its frail existence—dwell a long time in the midst of these tombs of princes and warriors, who

form thy court—sleep in peace in this holy dormitory till the angelic trumpet awakens from their deep slumber those crowned heads. Then will they arise, wrapped in their cere cloths; but thy glorious and transfigured countenance will fling out radiance in the middle of this people of the dead—yea, thou shalt be brilliant as the sun; and the pontifical habits which thou wearest shall surpass in their spotless purity, even the dazzling whiteness of the snow.”

EXTRACTS FROM THE BULL OF POPE HONORIUS III.

DECREEING THE CANONIZATION OF

SAINT LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

POPE HONORIUS III. *sendeth to all the Inhabitants of the Province of Rouen Health and Benediction.*

WHEREAS, the ineffable providence of God disposing all things in due order, hath, as it were, regenerated his Church by the splendours of its saints, nay, even in the very infancy of the Church, hath glorified its saints by frequent miracles, to the great astonishment of the Gentiles, who, witnessing the wonders wrought in His name, finally became numbered amongst the children of His adoption :

And whereas, our venerable brother the Archbishop, and our beloved sons the Chapter of Rouen, together with the Abbot and community of the Church of St. Mary, of Eu, have suppliantly besought us, by their letters, to place in the catalogue of the Saints, Laurence of blessed memory, Archbishop of Dublin, whose body happily reposes in the aforesaid Church : and whereas, their suppliant letters bear testimony to the frequent miracles by which God has

glorified his servant, and which lead us to believe that this holy man is now honoured in heaven :

We, therefore, desiring to proceed in a matter of such moment according to the usage of the Apostolic See, have notified to the aforesaid Archbishop, by our letters, that he should institute a diligent inquiry into the life and miracles of said Laurence, in order that we might more safely grant the prayer of the memorial sent us.

And whereas, those who were charged with the execution of our mandate could not certify themselves concerning the life and conversation of said Laurence, as he was seized with illness whilst travelling through Normandy, and died after eight days' sojourn amongst them, we ordained that they should communicate with the present Archbishop of Dublin on said subject.

And whereas, the Archbishop of Dublin was then occupied with the affairs of the King of England, beyond the Irish sea, he deputed, in his stead, our venerable brothers, the Bishop of Kildare, his suffragan, and the Prior of the Holy Trinity, who transmitted to us through him, letters sealed with his and their seals, attesting the miracles wrought by the Saint, and confirmed by competent witnesses.

We, therefore, have learned from these letters, that Laurence sprung from a royal race, that from his earliest years he addicted himself to the study of sacred letters, that even in his youth he was distinguished by all the gravity of a sage, and that at a period when youth is wont to be fascinated by such, he put away from him all the illusions of mundane vanities.

When raised to be Archbishop of Dublin, he progressed from virtue to virtue, till he became assiduous in prayer, austere in his mortifications, and a most

bountiful giver of alms, thus wholly dedicating himself to God.

From the depositions of these witnesses, it plainly appears that the holy life of this man has been proved by miracles so numerous that they should make a goodly sized history, were they committed to writing seriatim: not to speak of lame, and the deaf, and the leprous, who have been cured by the invocation of his holy name, we will here record that his intercession restored seven dead men (one of whom was three days in the grave) to life.

Since, therefore, his sanctity has been evidenced by such glorious miracles, we, guided by the Divine judgment, have decreed that the name of this holy man should be inscribed in the catalogue of Confessors, and amongst those who are to be venerated by the faithful of Christ.

We, therefore, exhort you in the Lord to profit by the example of such transcendent virtues, and to implore with humility the suffrages of this most glorious Confessor.

Given at Rieti, A.D. 1218.



SAINT COEMGEN,* OR KEVIN

WAS born of parents of the first rank in Ireland, in 498. He was baptised by St. Cronan, a holy priest and at seven years of age was put under the tuition of St. Petrocus, a Briton, who spent twenty years in Ireland, to improve himself in virtue and sacred learning. After five years spent with him, by his advice he was placed, in 510, under the care of three holy anchorets, Dogain, Lochan, and Enna, or Æneas, in the same cell. Three years he employed with them in the study of the holy scriptures, before he took the monastic habit. Some time after, he founded a great monastery in the lower valley called Glean-da-loch,† situated in the east of Leinster, in the territory of Forthuatha.‡ The reputation of St. Kevin and his monastery drew hither such a conflux of people, that it soon grew up into a famous and holy city. The founder being raised to the episcopal dignity, erected a cathedral church under the invocation of SS. Peter and Paul, near the church of his abbey.§ In 549, St.

* Coemgen signifies in the Irish language the fair begotten, *pulchrum genitum*.

† Glean-da-loch signifies the Glen, or Valley of the Two Lakes; from whence Hoveden hath taken occasion to call the bishopric of Glendaloch, *Episcopatus Bistagnensis*; and the bull of Pope Lucius III. mentions it under the title of *Episcopatus insularum*.

‡ Harris is mistaken in thinking it should be Tirthuathail; for the territory of the O'Tooles bore the name of Hy-Murry. See the life of St. Laurence O'Toole, 14th of Nov.

§ Both these churches stood about the middle of a long valley, surrounded with very high mountains; from whence

Kevin took a journey to Clonmacnois, to pay a visit to St. Kieran ; but found him dead three days before his arrival, and assisted at his funeral obsequies. St Kevin lived to a great age, and having some time before resigned the episcopal charge to confine himself to his abbacy, died on the 3rd of June, in the

the water falls over many craggy rocks, and feeds the two lakes and rivers which run through the valley below ; in the most fruitful and agreeable part of which are seen at this day the ruins of many churches and monasteries built of stone, the windows of which were adorned with great variety of curious work. The walls of seven or eight buildings, now called the Seven Churches, are still standing : and one of these, together with its chancel, and a handsome round belfry, of stone, with a vaulted stone roof, remain firm to this day. There stands separate from any of the buildings a large round tower, like that of Kildare, ninety-five feet high ; and at the west end of one of the buildings, near a quarter of a mile distant from the former, stood another now almost demolished. Among the ruins many crosses and other figures appear to have been curiously carved on a great number of stones. The celebrated bed of St. Kevin is shown on the south side of the lough : it is a cave hewed in a solid rock on the side of the mountain, exceeding difficult in the ascent, and terrible in prospect ; for it hangs almost perpendicular over the lough several feet above the surface of the water. Not far beyond this bed, on the side of the same mountain, are to be seen the ruins of a stone building called St. Kevin's Cell. Probably the saint sometimes hid himself in this cell for a closer retreat ; as St. Martin used to do in a like cave on the side of a rock at Marmoutier, near Tours. Glendaloch, now commonly called the Seven Churches, is about twenty-three miles from Dublin, in the county of Wicklow.

The diocese of Glendaloch was of great extent, containing all the country on the south side of Dublin ; yet the abbey far exceeded the bishopric in temporal wealth ; as we are assured by the author of the life of St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin (who had been abbot of Glendaloch), published by Messingham. At that time the see of Dublin was confined within very narrow limits : but when Cardinal John Paparo, Legate of Pope Eugenius III., conferred on this see the archie-

year 618, of his age one hundred and twenty. He is patron of Glendaloch, where his festival is celebrated on the 3rd of June, on which day, numbers of people resort to the Seven Churches. There is also a parish church in the suburbs of Dublin dedicated to this saint.

piscopal dignity, with the pall, in the year 1152, he ordered that upon the death of the Bishop of Glendaloch then living, this see should be for ever united to Dublin. The union of the two bishoprics was afterwards confirmed by the Pope, and King of England, and carried into execution upon the death of William Piro, or Peryn, the last legal bishop of Glendaloch, in 1214. It was further confirmed by a Bull of Honorius III. to Henry Lundres, archbishop of Dublin, dated October 6, 1216. Notwithstanding this union, so firmly established both by papal and regal authority, some few attempts were made to usurp the see of Glendaloch until the year 1497, since which period, its very name is sunk in that of Dublin. However, to perpetuate the memory of that ancient church, the archdeaconry of Glendaloch is still preserved, and belongs to the chapter of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's. See Harris on Ware's bishops, from p. 371 to 378. Usher's Primord. and Colgan in MSS. ad 3 Jun.



ANCIENT IRISH SHRINES & RELIQUARIES.

ST. PATRICK'S relics were enshrined sixty years after his death by St. Columcille, three precious relics were found in his tomb, the Cup, the Angel's Gospel, and his Bell. This most venerable object with its shrine of most elaborate Irish workmanship, is now preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. Our brief notice, which we take from F. O'Laverty's *History of Down and Connor*, will be appreciated by our readers.

Some time before 1819, there lived in the now obliterated village of Edenduffcarrick, one Henry Mulhollan, who had studied for the priesthood, but did not enter into holy orders; he became master of a school in the village; and one of his pupils was the late Mr. Adam M'Clean, who gave name to M'Clean's Fields, Belfast. When Mulhollan became old, Mr. M'Clean was kind to him; and the old man on his death bed, requested him to dig in his garden for an oak box, which contained all that he valued in the world, and which he now bestowed to his friend and former pupil. In the box was the ancient bell called *Clogan-edhachta*—"the Bell of the Will (of Patrick)," of which his ancestors were the hereditary keepers. Mr. M'Clean highly prized the bell, but, after his death, his son sold it and its shrine, for £50, to the late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, whose executor sold it to its present possessor, the Royal Irish Academy, for £500, part of which was a special grant from Parliament, and the remainder was made up by

subscriptions. The attention of the public was first drawn to this bell by James Stuart, in his "Historical Memoirs of Armagh," printed in 1819. Dr. Reeves has given an account of it in his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore*; and in 1850, Marcus Ward & Co. published five chromo-lithographic drawings of the bell and its jewelled shrine, accompanied by an historical and illustrative description by Dr. Reeves, who again, in the *Transactions of the R. I. Academy*, in 1863, gave an exhaustive account of the bell and its history. From these accounts we select the following summary of its history—There were three great relics belonging to the See of Armagh, each of which had a special *maer* or keeper, who enjoyed certain lands and privileges for the performance of this duty. One of these was the *Clog Phadruig*, which was entrusted to the families of *O'Maelchallan* (O'Mulhollan), and *O'Meallan* (O'Mellan or O'Mallin), who probably enjoyed it by alternate succession—alternate succession of families to certain high positions was of frequent occurrence among the Irish, thus the sovereignty belonged alternately to the Southern and Northern Hy Nialls. The compiler of the *Annals of Ulster* writes under the year 552:—

"I have found what follows in the Book of Cuana. The relics of Patrick were placed in a shrine by Columcille, sixty years after his death. Three precious relics were found in his tomb, to wit, the Cup, the Gospel of the Angel, and the Bell of the Will. The Angel in this manner showed to Columcille how to distribute the three relics, namely, the Cup to Down, the Bell of the Will to Armagh, the Gospel of the Angel to Columcille himself; and it is called the Gospel of the Angel because Columcille received it at the Angel's hand."

In a manuscript of Irish poems ascribed to St. Columcille, which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, is one purporting to be addressed to the *Clog-an-udhachta*. The *Annals of Ulster* at the year 1044, record two predatory excursions undertaken by the Kinel-Owen princes "in revenge of the violation of the Bell of the Will."

About sixty years after this occurrence, the bell was enclosed in its present costly shrine, as we learn from the Irish inscription which runs along the edges of the silver frame that covers the back of the shrine—"Or do Domnall U Lachlaind las i n'dernad in cloc sa, ocus do Domnall chomarba Phatraic ico n'dernad ocus do Chathalan U Maelchalland do maer in Chluic, ocus do Chondulig U Inmainen co na maccib ro cumtuig."

The literal translation of the inscription is:—

"A prayer for Donnell O'Lochlain, through whom this Bell (or Bell-shrine) was made; and for Donnell, the successor of Patrick, with whom it was made; and for Cathlan O'Mulhollan, the keeper of the Bell; and for Cudulig O'Inmainen, with his sons, who covered it."

Donnell O'Lochlain, or MacLochlain, Monarch of Ireland, died in 1121. Donnell, the successor of Patrick, was primate from 1091 to 1105, between which years the shrine must have been executed. The keeper of the Bell, when the shrine was made, was an O'Maelchallan (O'Mulhollan), but in 1356 its keeper was an O'Mellan, under that year the *Four Masters* record—"Solomon O'Mellan, keeper of the Bell of the Will, died. He was the general patron of the clergy of Ireland."

The next keeper seems to have been an O'Mulhollan, for in Primate Sweteman's Register there is a document dated A.D. 1365, in which the Primate grants to Cuuladh O'Molkallan, keeper of the Bell, and to his clan—"to all of his nation," a special exemp-

tion from any interdict that might be laid upon the diocese. In 1425, the keeper was an O'Mellan; the *Four Masters* under that year record that "O'Mellan, keeper of the Bell of St. Patrick's Will," and others were made prisoners by Lord Furnival, who conveyed "these chieftains to Dublin." In Primate Prene's Register there are two documents dated A.D. 1441, by which the Primate removes the keeping of the Bell from John O'Mellan, "who is chief of his clan, and one of the keepers of the Bell of our most blessed patron, Patrick," and confers it on "Patrick O'Mulchallynd (O'Mulholland), chief of his clan, the other keeper."

In 1446, the Bell was again in the keeping of "Twol et Johannes O'Mellan," who were deprived of their office and its privileges by Primate Bole. This is the last time we hear of the Bell of the Will, until it is found in the possession of Henry Mulholland the schoolmaster of Edenduffcarrick. Some entries in the Irish Bible, which accompanied the Bell, enabled us to partially trace the migrations of the family. On the title page is written, "Ex libris Edmundi Mulhollan, in comitatu Antrim, Anno Domini 1750.—*Emun Ua Mhaolchallan*." This Edmund, the father of Henry, lived at Shane's Castle, in the capacity of an under-agent to the O'Neill family.

Another entry relates that his father, Bernard Mulhollan, died in the year 1758, at Moyagall, in the parish of Maghera, which serves to show that the family belonged to that portion of the County of Derry, where persons of that name have been numerous for several centuries, and near which, in 1458, resided "Magonius O'Mulhallan," who was directed by the Primate to use what force might be necessary to restrain certain ecclesiastics from disturbing Patrick O'Kegan in the enjoyment of his rectory of Inisthayde

Ballyscullion) *Reg. Prene*; but a cancelled entry in Prene's Register, *Patricii O'Mulchallynd de Ballyclug*, enabled Dr. Reeves to discover that the Parish of Ballyclog—"the town of the bell," two miles north of Stewartstown, County Tyrone, was once occupied by them. Many of the name seem to have migrated to the County of Antrim; they occupied lands in the Parish of Killead, and the last prior of Muckamore was Bryan Boy O'Mahallan. A sept of the O'Melans, so late as 1609, occupied the See lands of Lurgyvallen—the *lurga*—the low ridge of O'Mellán. It is probable that these families alternately enjoyed the keepership of the Bell, with its privileges and emoluments, until the temporalities of the church passed from the Catholics, and that after that period, the Bell remained with the descendants of the last endowed keeper.

The Bell is quadrilateral, and formed of two plates of sheet iron, which are bent over so as to meet, and are fastened together by large headed iron rivets. After the bell was thus formed, it received a coating of bronze, by being dipped into melted bronze. The tongue is iron, and seems of much later construction. The handle, also of iron, is riveted to the ridge of the Bell, the height of the Bell (including the handle), is $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, exclusive of the handle is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the breadth of mouth is $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and the width $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and its girth 16 inches. The breadth at the top is 5 inches, and the width $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Its weight is 3 lbs. 11 oz. The Bell therefore in itself is uninteresting, but the beautiful and costly shrine in which it was kept proves how it was valued.

The framework of the shrine is bronze, which is covered with such beautiful and elaborate designs in fillagree work in gold and silver, that any description would fail to convey to the mind a truthful impres-

sion, which only can be obtained by examining the shrine in the Royal Irish Academy, or the beautiful drawings of it, published by Marcus Ward & Co., Belfast, 1850.—*History of the Diocese of Down and Connor*, by the Rev. J. O'Laverty, P.P., Holywood.

SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S HAND

Father M'Aleenan, when parish priest of Portaferry, having understood that some Protestant gentlemen were desirous of purchasing for the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy the Shrine of St. Patrick's Hand, which was at that time in the possession of Miss M'Henry, of Carrstown, directed the attention of the bishop and clergy to the matter, and obtained from them a commission to purchase it for the diocese. Father M'Aleenan succeeded in purchasing it for the sum of £10. It is probable that the hand and arm were placed in the present shrine by Cardinal Vivian in 1186, when he translated the relics. Nothing further is known of it until it came into the possession of Magennis, of Castlewellan, possibly from some of the Magennises, who were at various times abbots of Down. In the early part of the eighteenth century, George Russell, of Rathmullan, married one of the Magennises, and the relic passed into the possession of their only child, Rose, who married Rowland Savage. Upon the failure of male issue, the Portaferry estate, and with it the relic, passed to another branch of the Savages, one of whom, on becoming a Protestant, gave it into the custody of the Rev. James Teggart, then parish priest of the Ards. After Father Teggart's death, about 1765, Mr. Savage, of Portaferry, handed it over to the guardianship of Mr. M'Henry, of Carrstown, in the custody of whose

family it remained until it passed into that of the Bishops of Down and Connor. The tradition of its transmission, as told by Father M'Aleenan to Mrs. Crangle, of Carrstown, is as follows:—When Down Cathedral was plundered, Magennis saved the reliquary, which passed on the marriage of his daughter to Carr, of Carrstown, or Ballyedock. After the death of Magennis' daughter, Carr married one of the Savages, who, surviving him, bequeathed the reliquary to her own relations, the Savages, and they retained it until Mr. Savage, the father of the late Colonel Nugent, on becoming a Protestant, gave it to Father Teggart. It passed on his death into the possession of his niece, who was his housekeeper; she, however, knowing that Mr. M'Henry, of Carrstown, was maternally descended from the Carrs, and consequently a relative of the Carr who once possessed it, gave it to him, and thus it passed into the custody of the M'Henrys.

The shrine is silver, and of antique workmanship; it represents the hand and arm of an ecclesiastic of rank covered with an embroidered sleeve, and wearing a jewelled glove. It stands 1 foot $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, but there is no inscription except I.H.S., so that it is difficult to estimate its probable age. The reliquary was opened in 1856 by Dr. Denvir. It contained a piece of wood of the yew tree, about nine inches long, which was bored lengthwise with a hole sufficiently large to receive the wrist-bone of a human arm. The wood was smeared over at both ends with wax, obviously the remains of the seals which had authenticated the relic. The wood appears to have been intended as a receptacle for the bone, for the purpose of preserving it in its place, and preventing it from rubbing against the outer case. When it was examined by Dr. Denvir no portion of the bone

remained. It had probably been dissolved by the water, which persons were in the habit of pouring through the shrine, in order that they might wash sores with it in hopes of obtaining thereby a miraculous cure. About the commencement of this century the shrine was despoiled of some of the Irish diamonds with which it was studded by one of the M'Henrys, in order to bring them with her, as a protection against any misfortune, when she was removing to Ballymena with her husband, a carpenter, named Richard Colly, or Collins. It is not unlikely that they are still in the neighbourhood of Ballymena. The late Dr. Denvir had the lost Irish diamonds replaced with new stones and the shrine completely repaired by the late Mr. Donegan, of Dublin, who, out of devotion to the Apostle of Ireland, refused to charge for his work. Dr. Denvir intended to have inserted under a large crystal, which ornaments the back of the hand, a portion of the relics of St. Patrick, which he obtained from the Cardinal of St. Mark's Church, in Rome, where a portion of the relics, which were carried to Rome by Cardinal Vivian, are preserved. The shrine of St. Patrick's Hand is now deposited among the archives of Down and Connor, which are under the special custody of the bishop.

SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S JAW-BONE.

The Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian has also a silver reliquary, which he purchased from a family named Cullen, who resided in the parish of Derriaghy, County Antrim, at the base of Collin mountain. It consists of a silver box, or shrine, inclosing a human

jaw-bone, in a perfect state, and now only retaining one double tooth. It had formerly five, three of which were given to members of the family when emigrating to America, and the fourth was deposited under the altar of Derryaghy Chapel, by the parish priest, when the chapel was rebuilt in 1797. The outer case is of antique appearance, fitted with a lid, and has a hall mark of some early date impressed upon it. The bone is that of a male of rather large size. The family believed that it was the jaw-bone of St. Patrick, and a tradition to that effect has been handed down for generations. The great grandmother of the old men, the Cullens, who sold it to the bishop, bought it from her relations the Savages of Dunkirk, in the County of Down. Formerly water, in which the bone was immersed, was administered to persons afflicted with epilepsy.

Among other reliquaries preserved in the same splendid depository of national muniments we may mention the following: The Catach of St. Columkille, long owned by the princely family of the O'Donnells of Donegal, which contained fragments of the Psalter, in the handwriting of their patron, St. Columkille. The Magroartys were hereditary keepers of this beautiful and venerable shrine, which used to be carried in front of O'Donnell's vassals when they made war. In 1497, when the MacDermots defeated the O'Donnells at the Pass of Ballaghboy, the Catach was taken from the latter, and Magroarty, the keeper of it, was slain. Two years afterwards it was restored to the O'Donnells, and in 1567, the Four Masters relate that in a battle between the O'Neills and the former at Farsetmore, near Letterkenny, Magroarty, who had custody of the Catach of St. Columkille was among those who were slain. Donall Magroarty, whose name is engraved on

the Catach, was St. Columba's successor at Kells. His death is recorded at 1098. Ballymagroarty is in the parish of Drumhome, County Donegal, and is, says Dr. Reeves, so called from *Baile-mecc-Robhartaich*, being the quarter allotted to Magroarty, keeper of the Catach.

The Soisgeal Molaise, or Gospels, written by St. Molaise of Devenish—This beautiful reliquary, made probably in the tenth century, to hold St. Molaise's copy of the Four Gospels (now unfortunately lost) was preserved through long centuries in the family of O'Meehan of Ballagh-Meehan, County Leitrim, who, for more than 500 years, were the *Coarbs*, i.e., successors of St. Molaise. Dr. O'Donovan in his annotations to the Four Masters at the year 1336, when "O'Meehan, *Coarb* of St. Molaire, died," writes, he was coarb of the Church of Ballaghmeehan, in the parish of Rossinver, County Leitrim, where his descendant still farms the Termon lands. This venerable reliquary was secured for the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy by the late Mr. Halliday, but for whom it would have been carried to America.

The Cup or Chalice of Ardagh, one of the most splendid of Irish metallurgical works, is in the same collection, and is supposed to have been made in the tenth or eleventh century. 'Tis ornamented with figures of the Apostles, and no modern craft of gold or silver-smith can excel the beauty of its workmanship. 'Tis a lasting monument of the civilization of our Catholic forefathers.

The Library of Trinity College preserves the splendid books of Durrow and Kells—the latter, in the handwriting of St. Columkille, is undoubtedly the most beautiful example of penmanship that eye has ever seen. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he saw it, exclaimed "this truly was written by an angel,"

and he was right, for, with its unrivalled initial letters it was penned from beginning to end by the dove or angel of the churches—who may be said to have exhausted his calligraphy on this marvellous copy of the Four Gospels.

Another most ancient and venerable copy of the Gospels—namely, the Book of Armagh, is preserved in the same library. A brief notice will be acceptable. 'Tis called the Book of Armagh, because it was the most precious treasure of that Church. The volume begins with memoirs of St. Patrick, compiled about the year 750, and after these comes the Confession of St. Patrick in Latin. The name of the scribe who made this copy, probably from the original which belonged to our Apostle, was Ferdomnach, the “wise and gifted,” who died in the year 845. 'Tis the only copy of the New Testament Scriptures handed down to us from the early Irish Church. This is the order in which it presents the inspired books. After the Gospels come St. Paul's Epistles. The Apocalypse succeeds the Epistles, and instead of closing the New Testament, is followed by the Acts of the Apostles. After the Gospels we have the life of St. Martin of Tours, who was believed to have been St. Patrick's uncle, and closing all is a short litany or intercessory prayer for Ferdomnach the writer.

In 1004, this book was so highly esteemed that it was selected to receive the record of King Brian Boru's pious donation to the primatial see. This was a gold ring of twenty ounces, as an offering to the great altar of the Cathedral. Having confirmed to Armagh all its ancient privileges, the pious monarch caused his confessor, Mulsoon, to make the following entry, which is now as legible as it was when fresh from the pen of the writer—“St. Patrick when going to heaven, decreed that the entire pro-

duce of his labour, as well as of baptism, and decisions, and all was to be delivered to the Apostolic city, which in the Scotie (Irish) tongue is called Ardmacha. This is my writing, namely Calvus Perennis (perpetually bald, alias, Mulsoon), in the presence of Brian, sovereign of the Scots; and what I have written he decreed for all the kings of Maceria, *i.e.* Cashel."

King Brian fell at Clontarf in 1014; and Mulsoon doubtless accompanied the monarch to that historic scene, and thence to Armagh, where the monarch was buried. Mulsoon, "soul-friend, *i.e.* confessor or chaplain of King Brian, son of Cenedy, died 1031." The book of Armagh is mentioned in St. Bernard's life of St. Malachy, who compelled a certain usurper named Nigellus to quit Armagh. This sacrilegious individual made himself primate, and took with him the Book and Crozier called "Staff of Jesus." In 1177, the Book and Staff were captured by John de Courcy, who soon afterwards restored St. Patrick's Book to Armagh, which continued to be the place of its custody for many ages. The safe keeping of this venerable book was subsequently committed to one MacMoyre, *i.e.* keeper, who had a goodly amount of lands assigned to him in virtue of his office; and his descendants had custody of it down to 1679, when Florence MacMoyer, a school-master, and other perjured villains were bribed by one Hetherington, Lord Shaftesbury's agent, to swear away the life of Oliver Plunket, Primate of all Ireland. Moyer being in want of money to pay his passage to London, and give false evidence against the Primate, pawned the Book for five pounds sterling. This was in 1680, when it fortunately became the property of Mr. Brownlow, who stitched its leaves together and wrote the numbers at the head of the

pages. He then placed the volume in its ancient case together with a Papal Bull which was found with it. MacMoyer returned to Ireland, but never redeemed the precious volume. He died in 1713, and at the present moment, there is not a single individual of the name to be found in the district where for generations they held the office of keepers of the sacred volume. After being consigned to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, it was offered for public sale and purchased by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, now Dean of Tynan. This most learned Ecclesiastic sold it to the Protestant Primate, who in 1858 presented it to Trinity college, where it is carefully preserved among the literary treasures of that establishment.

Another venerable volume, the Missal of Lothra, County Tipperary, known as the Stowe Missal, has recently been presented by Government to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. This undoubtedly is the earliest surviving Missal of the Irish Church. The inscriptions on its beautiful metal-work cover of the eleventh century, prove that it belonged originally to the Monastery of St. Ruadhan, Lothra, who died, A.D. 584. It was in all probability transferred from Ireland to the Continent in the twelfth century, when some Irishmen carried donations from Turlough O'Brien, King of Munster, to the Monastery of Ratisbon, A.D. 1130. It was discovered towards the close of the eighteenth century, by John Grace of Nenagh, an officer in the Austrian service, and from him it passed to the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, where it remained until purchased by Lord Ashburnham, whose son, a convert to the Catholic religion, sold the entire collection made by his father to the English government. In 1884, this most venerable

volume was presented by the government to the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, where it is justly regarded as one of its grandest treasures.

In the enumeration of the twelve Apostles in the Book of Armagh, Ferdomnach, the scribe, has written opposite the name of Judas Iscariot, the Irish word *trogan*, i.e. wretch or villain, to denote the writer's abhorrence of the traitor's character and crime.

At the end of St. Matthew, Ferdomnach writes the following prayer, which, translated from the original Latin, runs thus:—

“O God, whose mercy is infinite, and whose holiness is ineffable, with humble voice have I boldness to implore that, like as thou didst call Matthew to be a chosen Apostle from being a receiver of custom; so of thy compassion, thou wilt vouchsafe to direct my steps during my life into the perfect way; and place me in the angelic choir of the heavenly Jerusalem; that on the everlasting throne of endless joy, I may be deemed worthy to join with the harmonious praises of archangels in ascribing honour to thee; through thine only begotten Son, who liveth with thee, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, throughout all ages.” Amen.



JESUS.

Jesus, to Thee alone
My ardent longings tend,
Thee only will I own
My dearest, constant Friend :

Strength of my heart so weak,
And solace of my mind,
Thee everywhere I seek,
Thee everywhere I find.

Ah ! well can I divine
Thou know'st my inmost thought ;
Certes, Thy soul with mine
Is ever interwrought.

Thou speakest to my heart,
And all things speak of Thee,
Seems it Thou always art
Nearer than all to me.

The garden's choicest flowers
To me Thy smile presents ;
Thy Name to charm has powers
Which music never lent.

My fancy loves to hear
Thy Name in every sound,
Which strikes my listening ear
'Mid harmonies around.

Fresh as the spring-tide morn
Of Thee's the mem'ry blest ;
Exiled, but not forlorn,
With Thee I've home and rest.

If e'er my aching heart
Sorrow invade awhile,
Thy love to me impart,
'Twill all my pains beguile.

What ! I am happy !—True,
 But yet of Heaven I've need :
 Imagination, too,
 Oft gives me wings of speed,

On which I fain would rise
 To those bright seats above,
 Where I would solemnize
 My nuptial feast of love.

There, merged in ocean vast
 Of Thy Divinity,
 I'd call Thee mine at last,
 Mine for Eternity.

H.B.

 MY SAINT.

I see a convent gray—
 It standeth above the town ;
 It looketh from the distant way
 Like a monk in his faded gown.

The town is older and grayer
 That sitteth below its feet ;
 And sin, and pain, and sorrow, and care
 Are dwelling in every street.

Dwelling in every street,
 Yet hurried from place to place,
 As the Sisters go with their burden sweet,
 Bread, and comfort, and grace.

In a nook of that convent gray
 She dwelleth, my tender Saint ;
 Sweeter her face than I can say,
 Nobler than word can paint.

Her wimple is white as milk,
Her robe is coarse and spare ;
And never a lady in gems of silk
Looked half so grand and fair.

Her mind is a river of light,
Her heart is a well of love ;
But none may look on her soul so white
Save only the Lord above.

That soul's most rapid flame—
The soul of my tender Saint—
It wasteth sore her beautiful frame,
And maketh her body faint.

She stayeth her eager feet
And goeth not oft to the town ;
But up in her window, lone and sweet,
She sitteth, and gazeth down.

O crowded, sad gray walls,
O people who dwell within,
Little ye know of the tear that falls
Day by day for your sin !

Her town is her nested dove—
She huggeth it close and dear ;
She wrappeth it round with motherly love,
She watcheth with motherly fear.

They turn, the godless men,
They turn their steps and they come ;
They know not why, but they come again,
As this were their childhood's home.

They turn with willing feet,
The foolish wife and maid ;
They have no fear of the lips so sweet,
That preach, but never upbraid.

They come, with blushing face ;
And they come, with tearful eye ;
And one hath sorrow, and one disgrace,
To whisper when none are by.

And kneeling close to her knee,
They catch her fire, I ween ;
And, burning strangely and holily,
Are not what they have been.

She hath them all in her heart,
It is deep, and strong, and broad—
And well I know with what loving art,
She talketh of them to God.

R. M.

